

# MEN ONLY

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**MEN ONLY VOLUME 52 NUMBER 2**

Playboy's naked men, world  
wide sales success... it's all  
here!

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**Photograph by Rupert Davies**

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# ONE MONTH ON THE STATE OF PLAY

**A month by month commentary  
on what's been happening at Men Only  
since you saw us last.**

These are serious times. Men London on the verge of bankruptcy, credit rating out of control, acid rain breaking down on car paintwork, widespread nudity now threatened by the world-wide genital shortage, the very fabric of decent society under attack from mothers and daughtins posing together nude

for organs like Men Only. The list is endless: the complaints from banyaxed readers, countless.

So it is with a brige of regret, as we step bravely into this 1st new year of 1987 that we have been forced to tone down some of the more humorous aspects of Men Only to step into line with the new Euroboredom specifications and



Gene for a Burton



Getchel



Fantasy



Dubbler



Greta

become as dull and giggardly as everyone else.

That is why in this issue alone we have only two girls stripping naked in fields, both of whom are either well-known brain surgeons, or hairdressers in Herpendent, and only one article



on how to address girls with their handwringing, rather than the oval pair of lips — which most of our readers have been using successfully for the past 10 years.

Can you bear to wait for such up coming marvels as *Get It! Standing Inside and Outside Your Pants*, *Why My Willie Reminds me of the Quantum Leap Theory*, *How I Wiped out Hitler's Castle of Lust and Lived to Finger the Baggies Again*, and *The Life and Loves of a Paper Mache Finger*?

Of course baggies could well become a problem any day now, but you'll know what we mean when we mention it. The Editors

## THE DONE THING MEGA NUMB-NUMBS

*No gentleman shows that he notices a lady's  
huge teats! Even when his eyeballs're  
impaled on her nipple!!*

**"The nectarine, and curious  
peach,  
into my hands themselves do  
reach."**

**Stumbling on melons as I pass,  
Enraptured with looks, fall on my  
arses."** *Andrew Marvell et al*

I fear there are many silly arm  
boobies among modern  
gentlemen. Evidence the  
following letter:

Sir: Pity say whether or not 'Is  
vulgar to notice a lady's teats, be  
they never so vast? My friend  
has jugs so huge 'Is impossible  
we wait together — my hands  
falling short of her waist. But  
when I remark on them she calls  
me 'stout' and flings me 'cross  
the room with one lip of her left  
nipple. Yours etc.

This gentleman is not the only  
one of his kind enquiring about  
the tiresome business of whether  
or not a gentleman should seem  
to notice the strikingly obvious  
fact that women have boobies!

In former times the question  
would have been ridiculous —  
indeed it is so today. But it is  
asked because of the new  
middle-class rant of 'sexism',  
'feminism' and such tosh. I own, I  
weary of it!

Principle! Let me, firstly, lay  
down the principle of good  
manners which should make  
such questions redundant: TO  
PRETEND NOT TO NOTICE THE  
BULGING OVIDIUS IS AS  
VULGAR AS PRETENDING TO  
BE WHAT YOU ARE NOT.  
Enormous teats you cannot fail to  
notice and may stare or  
complement as you will. A  
gentleman reserves the right to  
stare at anything that threatens to  
knock his eyeballs out! Having  
said that, on to the lad which has  
put it in question, the vulgar  
middle-class obsession with that  
disgrace of women! 'Feminism'

**Unfeminism.** Feminism is a  
form of depression — a sort of  
self-singlet for being female  
which makes them wish to be as  
men. Symptoms are an  
exaggerated idea of what they call  
male privileges (such as fighting  
wars, working like dogs and dying  
early of heart attacks) and a  
desire to get these glories for  
themselves. Obviously mad.

This term 'sexism' is an insult  
they devised for men who notice

that women are NOT men. It is an  
insulting version of heterosexual,  
and stands in the same  
relationship to that word as  
queer! Goes to Transsexual.

Thus, a man who notices a  
woman is sexually attractive. After  
spending the afternoon making  
herself so is called sexist if she  
dislikes him. A man who does not  
notice this is called a homo, if she  
does. Obviously a man who  
notices a woman has teats is  
sexist in these terms, for he  
would hardly notice teats on a  
man. But the whole thing is so  
vulgar and lower class that we  
will not dwell on it, except to say  
to my correspondent that he  
should not wince with a woman  
before his station. As a rule of  
thumb, NO GENTLEMAN IS A  
SEXIST BECAUSE NO FEMINIST  
IS A LADY!

**Like 'em or Lumpen.** A  
gentleman may not pretend,  
foolishly, that a woman has huge  
dugs, but it is not a matter of

etiquette that he likes them!  
Some dole on them, some do not.  
Thus Lord Cardamom in a letter to  
me: Sir I find your love of huge,  
floppy teats depressing in the  
extreme. Useful for feeding  
babies, I grant you, but no more  
I admit that so far am I from  
finding them sexually stimulating  
that when I hear of such and such  
a chap had topless waitresses I  
was alarmed to find grown men  
queuing for entrance, when I  
had expected babies!

I read in some vulgar book that  
the reason men go silly over 'em  
is to do with evolution. When we  
hung from trees and walked on  
all fours, the prime sexual signal  
a gal gave a chap was to present  
her buttocks to him, her curvy  
mostly displayed between (Ily  
own taste precisely). Then we  
stood up and the sexual signals  
moved to the front, the bulging  
boobies standing for buttocks  
and the lady's mouth for the  
curvy lips.

Frightful vulgar fellow called  
Desmond Morris wrote it, but if  
it's true I can see why some gals  
don't like you to mention they've  
got 'em. Seems to me when you  
tell a lady she's got nice teats  
you're really saying she has lips  
like a cunt and her face reminds  
you of a monkey's arsehole!

Still, I suppose it would be  
obnoxious if the ladies had to  
keep dropping their drawers and  
thrusting their asses into the face  
of any chap they take a yen for.  
Yours, Cardamom

It would, as his Lordship  
suggests, change the ambience  
in the Ascot Royal Enclosure! Or,  
having admitted that a gentleman  
may, or may not, be enhanced  
with teats, let us look at the rules  
of etiquette for those of us, the



great majority I believe, who can hardly keep our hands off those smooth, resilient orbs! Who wish only to press our faces toward the scented orbs of Venus, and wriggle our cheeks therein while making the sound brrrm!

**Other Boddies:** The lady, as I say, knows what she is about. But the middle class of woman copies, slavishly, the manner of her betters without the art. She may wear low necks and drop her straps, for that she has seen as a lady do so, with no thought as to why. Such false signals have drawn many gentlemen on to the rocks! It is wise, when dealing with such persons, to fondle their boddies from behind—in which position they are less able to direct knee to knacker!

The lower class of girl who displays her braids, loves to have them coiled upon. But, gentlemen, beware the model or toposia waitress! Such women in these display their teeth for glee. They become inamenable to them and do not any longer realise their power of invitation. Such as most freely flap their fronts around all bare, are most likely to take offence when they are seized. At some times they will belabour you with handbags full of lead. A fact which, while working for this organ, I have discovered, often, to my cost. Indeed I dictate this, my arms still in plaster, following the Men Only Christmas Party / The Rev. Giles Littlesier

## BLAH!

### PHOTO FUNNIES

Sir: Your Photo Funnies section is never in the slightest bit amusing. As a very funny man (or so the other inmates tell me) I have thought up a few side-splitting captions to save you the embarrassment of making up jokes when you have't a clue.

**Photo Funny 1:** "What do I have to do to get a rise round here...?" "The knacker came off in me 'and'..." "Not with an onion!"

A bit good, eh? Beats anything you've come up with! Here's No. 2: "No, officer, I was just taking my date stamp..." "Ere, leave my beakle in the photo-copier!..." "N's a Bristol fighter!"

No. 3: "My wife's just gone to the West Indies!..." "How does he smelt?..." "All in three penny bits!"

See how easy it is when you have a real sense of humour. And, being professional, I have made it easy for you. All the situations are office-based. Just snap 'em and give your readers a laugh.

W - M (139756)  
Winston Green.

## BRRM...BRRM! HOTEL DE HACKS

*Motorshow? Naked girls, mate?*

*In the Truck Department, mate, innit? Aquire?*

*Wrecking the hotels, mate!*

A man writes in to Editor Player and asks: Where were the scantily-clad ladies at the Motor Show? This is obviously a person who remembers the Sixties, and toposia models spread out all over car bonnets at Earls Court.

Course, the car industry has

the commercial hell, where 50 per cent of punters are not female. In fact, most of them are ex-truck driving Page Three



grown up since then, and that sort of thing just isn't on, especially with 50 per cent of car buyers being women (plus there's more and more men who drive like women these days, but that's another story).

Where it was at (this year, much brave (French for jacks), was in

connoisseurs who know what they like.

The other place you might have chanced upon the occasional scantily-clad woman was in the Metropole, the NEC's own hotel. Here the corridors echoed to the late-night revels of those industry types 'obliged' by

reasons of business to remain at the show overnight or even for its duration. The NEC at night, as you may imagine, is most definitely not Fun City, so you have to make your own.

Hotels are used in this sort of thing, and are in any case making so much money that they hardly ever complain.

"Mr. Wheelbarrow," wheedled a Dutch fellow once. "You told me when you booked that you and your Car Innies enjoy a tank. I am a member of a rugger club and I like a tank, too. But I have just met a raked man rollerskating down the stairs to the bar. Would you please go and ask him to put some clothes on."

Two hours later he was back. "Herr Wheelbarrow," he said, "accident and urbanity slipping away together. "When you book here you say there may be some sky lanes in the swimming pool. I am a member of a rugger club, and these things happen. I like a

tank in the sky, too. But in the pool I have just counted eight people with no clothes on... and five or six with althier clothes on, if they are not gone in five minutes they must also leave the hotel!"

Rushing in to clear the pool we encountered a quivering white mound where the jacuzzi had

### PICKLER EGGS AGAIN?

**I'LL BE BOUND!**

Well, who do we have here spotted together in a secluded Helsinki restaurant? Yes, folks, it's none other than M\*\*\*\* magnet Ken Bound and our own totally wonderful Ass Ed, Debbie Raymond. Bound was heard to mutter to an undisclosed source: "This is the only time you will ever see me embracing one of Paul Raymond's issues!"



been. Some bright spark had emptied a shampoo bottle into it. Still, they all tried their best to clean the place up before the manager arrived. When he did, he saw seven fully-clothed but soapy punters gathering armfuls of foam and trying to crawl it between the cracks in a drain.

At least they hadn't let off the fire hose, which they did in an Amsterdam hotel the year before. Trick is to get the hose powered up at the reel, unroll it to the door of your victim and then knock at the door. This is best conducted at about 4am, since the three basic requirements are more likely to be fulfilled: you're pissed, the victim is asleep and there's nobody else about.

It may sound from all this that the Dutch got more than their fair share, and that's reasonably true.

However, any hotel which has many floors is a great place for the lift game. Any number can play and there are few rules. All hotels have an ank outside the lifts which are identically furnished and the only way you can tell where you are is by the numbers. All you have to do is take the lift all the way up or all the way down, stopping at each floor and removing one nominated item to prove you were there and get back to the start – without losing the lift. We've played this in the London Hilton with the fruit baskets they so thoughtfully leave outside all the lift doors, and left homeowards, pockets bulging with fruit, which is a useful bonus because at least the spoils of the game were edible.

All of this is light-hearted trickery – applied responsibility, if you like – and as such is far removed from the serious business of messing about with telephones or electricity, which is best left to pop stars. The only people who can pay for sins on such scale: *Morrier Wheelchair*

## BLAH!

### HUGELINE

Sir, Many years ago I was parted from my little sister, Daphne, in tragic circumstances. We were playing on a bomb site when a doodle bug dropped and wrecked our house. My dad took the opportunity to play dead and leave my mom, who took Daphne with her to Canada. I was adopted by a millionaire and am now an extremely rich young man. The thing is I think Daphne is now Daphne Hugelands and I would love to be put in touch with her again.

George W. Grossenpuber,  
Linca.

Not bad, George, but you'll have to try harder than a 40p PD.

## HYPELINE CRAPOLA BLUES

*The true creativity of the adman  
is coming his client. Well, he has to cow him  
before he cons us. Right?*

A couple of years ago I was just going to fast forward my video recorder to get past the ads when I saw the astonishing

image of a sleek and beautiful car being stopped by a parachute exploding from its rear. Was this some sort of joke?

Public Affairs Manager, Air Canada, 140 Regent St., W1.  
19/3/85

Dear Manager  
You have recently stopped buying UK TV time for your house in a planned campaign. I am writing a book about advertising for the mass audience, and I have some questions which I would like you to help me with. Your advert showed an Air Canada plane surrounded by a lawn. Letting the grass grow under its wheels. This plane evidently does not take off so it is useless for anyone wishing to go anywhere. The same ad also showed a military landing mill there, so again the image of a non early starter. Not starting all together perhaps, is calmly enforced. I would like to know how such a damaging anti Air Canada advert was ever passed by your board of directors. Also, I would like to know your advertising agency, especially the creative Director, so I can interview him or her to establish if a breakdown of communications occurred. Yours sincerely,

Dr. Anthony Harris MSc PhD FRSC



Marketing Director, TSB, Central Board, 25 Mark St., EC2.

18/9/85

Dear Marketing Director,

I am writing a book about advertising, and have been studying your campaign. On the street bill boards all present you feature a man coping well with unit trusts. I believe, and on the same board show a man bent under the weight of a sheet of papers, could be write paper, but at any rate he is perhaps like much of British industry, not able to cope with the load. However, this man who cannot hack it, is revealed not as a warning but as an expression of pride in TSB achievements. I imagine what you wanted to show was how your portfolio had grown, but as my analysis shows, you merely reveal an image of failure to cope. Can you tell me how this advert like this was passed by your board? I assume of course the intention was not to deceive TSB's image, but enhance it. Also, I would like to interview your Agency, especially the creative director, to see if there was a failure in communication.

Yours sincerely

Dr. Anthony Harris MSc FRSC

A kind of anti James Bond image? I watched the ad. It was it bantered, an attempt to suggest the aerodynamic quality of an Audi. The impression it left me with, however, was if I drove the car, I would forever have to keep my foot on the accelerator to keep the car from being pulled back by its parachutes. How could this company have been incoherent into having its image in this way? I wondered. How can you get hard-headed businessmen, German at that, to part with money to produce such a counter-productive image?

I began to watch ads with a new glee. Were there any other choice morsels of this kidney, a producer of vegetarian foods might be seduced into saying

TSB

TSB Signature

Dr. Anthony Harris

Dear Sir

Thank you for

the

The

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continued on page 76

when talking to his ad agent?  
There were indeed.

I append to this note  
correspondence with leading  
companies whose advertising  
created in me the opposite  
effect intended. We see here BR  
brands being constantly attended  
to for breakdown, in an ad  
designed to push speed and  
efficiency. Old vegetables  
looking like OAPs being refused  
entry to country clubs, and that  
is supposed to make us want to  
buy the company's frozen peas!  
We see rubic young women in  
ecstasy as they suck choc bars.  
I got the impression, and you can  
judge for yourself, that a kind of  
aberration takes over in many  
corporate boards. Some people  
lose all touch with reality when it  
comes to their advertising.

CANADA (M)

COMMUNICATIONS ACT

Publ. 28-4398 7/84

100

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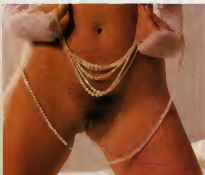
# Gone for a BURTON

Photograph by David Laundy



**B**essed glamour model, Fina Wright, hit the front pages just two weeks ago when she revealed all about Burton Group Chairman Sir Ralph Hooper's phenomenal sexual prowess to the world's press, including those qualities we always suspected the

top executive needed to see him through the  
busy working day: naughty games, sexy undies,  
spanking in the shower and sex five times a  
night. Let other top management blanch at such  
energy and skill. Let them look to their coats!  
Nice one, Sir Ralph! Show 'em how it's done! Agg













continued from page 16

brandies and sodas. Campans or anything else expensive, precede a monstrous meal with wines he only chose because they were so dear. 10 to one he doesn't know the difference anyway. But there it is, slithering down your throat. When he suggests a glass of *Besoumes de Verne* to complement the walnut pastosa, you happily agree, knowing that after this, cognics, armagnacs or porty will be consumed in vast quantities until you pass into a coma and have to be removed on a stretcher.

**THE WEEKEND WITH THE BOYS** you fit in between all these.

It starts with a phone call from Brian who has provisionally booked a barge on the Grand Union Canal. It all sounds like good, clean, honest grown-up fun. Not like last year when two of the group were arrested for exposing themselves on the south coast after celebrating the rescue of the *Marie-Rose*.

But since you're on a boat, serious drinking can start as soon as you wake up with the sure result of smelly factory leanness, probably round about lunchtime.

A good supply of cans means you can continue throughout the afternoon, tossing empties over the side until you finally slipper out of this world. /Doreen Flocks

## THE DAPHNE HUGEGLANDS COLUMN

*The girl with big tits*

*answers all your*

*intimate sexual queries.*



Dear Daphne: Can you help me with a problem? When I make love with my wife (34C-24-35) I find that she gets most excited when I massage both her nipples in a clockwise direction. My girlfriend (36B-25-35), on the other hand, prefers me to stroke her nipples in the oppo-

continued on page 28

# GOTCHA!

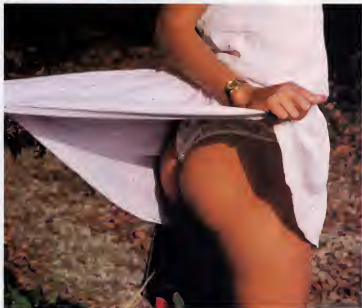
It's the best way to get the most out of your money.

It's the best way to get the most out of your money.

It's the best way to get the most out of your money.



Photo: [illegible]



**GOTCHA!**

Having been given the opportunity (by the Editor of this massive paper) to tell all you smart guys exactly what I think of you, I'm not about to chicken out like your average down-trodden woman would! Oh no! Not Ms. Turk Thrust, editor of *Steel Clitoris* magazine — the mag that shafts men! I mean, for a start



GOTCHA!



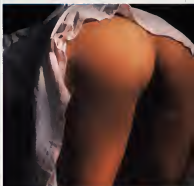
This whole scenario is a typical serial male fantasy. A girl decides to change her T-fronts in the middle of the road, grips in a suitcase — which is obviously empty anyway — and then proceeds to show her sexual parts to a photographer, apparently concealed in the bushes! What a bunch of shit! I mean, have you ever seen a real woman changing her knickers? All over in 30 seconds flat? And we get so damn cunniving at it, we could do it on a bus and no one would notice! And as for a photographer hiding in the bushes — to get shots like this, the



guy is obviously kneeling between her legs. Which is just the place a man should be kneeling in, if you want my opinion! Asking forgiveness for his depraved lust after sex objects — instead of the integrated female personality as a whole. (Ms. Trust's wise words, but we suspect this may be a typing error rather than a significant Freudian slip — Ed.) But having said that, do you men realize how insulting it is to a woman to have you creaming your huge, bulging Y-fronts over pictures of her sexual parts?



GOTCHA!



Doesn't it make you feel weird when you realize that this girl, whose tits you're ogling, is actually a brain surgeon? It doesn't? She! You guys amaze me! Don't think that I don't understand. A girl is essentially much more beautiful than a man. I will admit that Esmeralda here has the most juicy little pussy I've ever seen. Doesn't it just make your mouth water, guys? Just looking at the lascivious curve of her thighs, melting into that delicious soft pussy, makes me dribble! Hey, take me home, someone. I'm feeling really confused. Turk Thrust (Ms. Jagg)



continued  
from page 19

sue direction, and frequently gets to much pleasure out of it she can climax by nipple pressure alone. On the other hand, my mother-in-law (38C-26-36) likes me to massage her left nipple in a clockwise direction, and the right anti-clockwise. Then again, my secretary (34D-22-34) goes into ecstasies when I stroke her in the opposite directions!

An added complication is that my girlfriend comes from Australia, my mother-in-law is Italian and my secretary was born on a cruise liner in mid-Atlantic. Could there be a geographical basis for their nipple-stroking preferences?

**(Curious, Stemple Bumpstead.)**  
*Dear Curious: Aluminated? I'll set fire to your underpants, you randy little devil! Leave your poor*



My girlfriend can

afford to be

stopping premenstrual

mother-in-law alone, and your secretary, not to mention your girlfriend – reprobate! Where do you find the energy to be curious about anything?

**Dear Daphne:** As chief instructor in a successful gymnasium and keep-fit centre, I have taken a particular interest in female clients who wish to remain shapely as well as slim, I have been very impressed by the way you have maintained a svelte figure, while not detracting from the fullness and generosity of your bottom. May I enquire if you follow a fitness programme, and if not, may I offer my services? Do you, for instance, jog regularly? I like jogging myself.

**(Jack Tweed, Outer Hebrides.)**  
*Dear Mr Tweed: I quite enjoy jogging myself, too, though I much prefer large, hairy-cheeked men to do it for me. Thank you for your kind offer, but I think I'm too fit for what I do already*

## FUTILE SEX LAP OF THE GODS

*Those of you who can still tolerate a  
sexist view of life – read on. But  
don't all rush at once*

A distinguished continental lady I know, who as a child sat at the feet of famous men, and at maturity in their laps, is active in international education. She sits on committees concerned with everything from tree-planting in Oxfordshire villages to the diminishing returns of most of today's toilet rolls, which she aligns as several dozen feet short compared with their predecessors. No doubt concentrating on her educational interests. "Why," she asked me the other day, "are Englishmen so bloody awful at oral sex? Why

then, perhaps because anything placidly as satisfying as the smell of a woman is deemed less pleasing than the aseptic qualities of a holograph of one. It goes: moths had been subjected to the deodorant manufacturers to the same extent as the modern American woman, male goat moths would be at a loss to trace their females, who apparently emit a scent that can be picked up a quarter of a mile away. That may be going to the opposite extreme, but it has at least saved goat cloths from dying out.

women lovemaking. He dancing, requires a partner who will give a lead. The more ardent the lead, the more thorough the reciprocity, and oral sex is an ancient act of worship, of a delightfully secular nature.

Between the scented baths of the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans and the ultra-decorations of the present day were many centuries during which oral sex was, perhaps, too overwhelming for the taste buds to accept. After all, it could have been the only sort of lavage that anyone had. In the Miller's Tale, for instance, one can sympathise with poor Nicholas, locked into kissing the arm of his beloved's boyhood instead of her lips. When he realised that "women made not bodies" he scoured his mouth with gravel.

Today, there is no such excuse for eschewing oral sex, and so refrain from inspiring a woman to give herself with a generosity less easily attainable by liberating her in less subtle ways. Such as the missionary position. I don't know why it is called that – perhaps because it consists of screwing the unconverted.

Let Henry take an oral excursion through the fragrant hedgehogs of the most venerable saturnal scented stroll through an exquisitely sculpted landscape, to be treated with gentle remorselessness.

Having nerves himself to do something he has hitherto considered reprehensible, Henry might well find himself actually enjoying himself through enjoying his lover.

Spicing of the choices, eyeing the sacred gate, Henry will be able to run not through a hundred other metaphors conjured up by poets to describe that particular piece of poetry, his tongue telling him that there is a sublime difference between Angus balm and Fox Brandy.

As sex is an imperative, whereas love is a selective accident, Henry may find it easier to make love than "have sex". Who hasn't? His

inhibitions will, however, not be dispelled, but accentuated should his efforts to please orally be tried out on the wrong woman. "What on earth are you doing down there, Henry?" would cause a lament to throw up its suckers and fling itself off a keel. In such circumstances, you would not have to be a student of philosophy to prefer Kant to Kant.

There are also women – often called wares – whose familiarity diminishes their mystery to the point at which any sort of oral exploration might be more long in both father than in child.

However, assuming that he is in bed with the sort of woman he would send roses to even if it weren't her birthday, Henry

"YOU NEVER USED  
TO USE A CONDOM!"



can't they learn?

I had to admit that the Englishman's reputation for being constricted in expression of feeling, and hence in technique – a charitable excuse, as technique probably suffers from the fact that many men prefer to receive pleasure rather than give it – has percolated our sexual history, at least since the delightful phrase "to pleasure a lady" withdrew the hem of its garments from our language in favour of the equally ancient but less elegant "fuck". Americans, on the other hand, concentrate more on technique

Jokes about English frigidity are as common as duvets round overhead light-fittings after Indian meals. They are usually of the "Do you feel better now, Henry?" order. That is not really fair to Englishwomen, who can be as sensual as their Latin and Oriental sisters, but naturally do an emotional but coy when presented with a chasty lover.

The local Messalina does not require much encouragement to be sensual while deigning her daily choirboy, neither will the young enthusiasts raising her shy, reluctant Lazarus. But to most

should really allow herself to appreciate the virtues and pleasures of submission to oral veneration, and at least kiss, if possible lingeringly, what the Hindus charmingly call a 'yoni', the portal of procreation.

Englishmen used to go and die of fever in colonial outposts rather than cause a woman embarrassment, usually through unrequited love, which must have been almost as vital to Empire-building as being discovered cheating at cards.

No doubt many of our forebears would rather have risked yellow-jack in a Malaysian swamp, than have submitted their pride to kissing a woman anywhere below the neck.

Nowadays, without colonial outposts available to go and die

in, the alternative may be more easily accepted. Englishmen are still, for the most part, romantics – reserving the requisite biological frailties that go with being a woman. It is a nuisance, of course, that women cannot give birth without sweating and screaming, and cannot eat and drink without eventually having to go in for waste disposal, instead of having the intestinal simplicity of a statue.

The saddest thing that can happen to a romantic is to find a woman who doesn't have feet of clay, and the saddest thing that could happen to a woman is to have them. How dull to have to dwell forever on a pedestal. Had such women existed, they would long ago have been extinct. / *Heiter Morris*

# BLAH!

What's really wrong?

Meaning Margaret.

Just before we do

colossal rape in

Britain. Remember

last? No? You will.

Now read on...



#### Well Young?

Dear Maggie: I'm in my mid-40s, tall, dark, handsome and slim. I consider myself fairly sexy. I have often read of young girls preferring older men as they find them sympathetic and far more understanding. As I'm sure most of them are genuine in their search (I have often seen this sort of relationship on my travels), I wonder why I'm never lucky enough to catch a spring chicken for myself.

R.B.,

Aberdeen

Dear Rod: While a lot of older men fantasize about younger females, it is not often true in the reverse. No doubt you have noticed this sort of set up plenty, but you don't know whether the young lady is out with her dad or just after the boss for a rise. In my own experience, I would agree that older men are more sympathetic and understanding, but girls who have been badly treated in a relationship are the most likely to seek sympathy and understanding, and the relationships rarely last. I suggest you extend your 'net' a bit deeper. Good things come to those who wait. / *Maggie*

#### Lustful Galt

Dear Maggie: Having a very attractive wife, I suppose you can understand the fact that I class myself as being fairly possessive and I have been ever since we got married. So why is it that most of the time I'm fucking her, I

pretend to myself that she has been unfaithful and that I'm the guilty party? I don't detest me. In fact, I enjoy it. I do feel that in my thoughts I am degrading my wife and I feel extremely guilty.

G.M.,

London

Dear George: Shame on you! In fact, your fantasy doesn't surprise me at all. You're welcome to fantasise what you like. Our thoughts are some of the few things we can still keep private, thank God. So I wouldn't worry too much, if I were you. Who knows what your wife's thinking while you're making love to her. It could be her fantasies are more exciting than yours. If she does ever tell you, write to me with all the juicy details. / *Maggie*

#### Play Time?

Dear Maggie: My husband and I have been keen readers of *Men* Only for years and my slight confession is that we have often written in. We really get off on it! The letters, we admit, do receive the most attention. I don't know whether other readers do the same thing, but just in case they don't, for future reference here's what we do. So re-enact other people's experiences, using their names and dressing up. In fact, it was one of your early columns that gave us the idea to put an extra sparkle in our marriage. We now do it so well that we are thinking of using an audience to further inspire our talents. So, well done, Maggie. We owe you! / *J.S.,*

Perth

Dear J.S.: Well, that's what I'm here for. And if you really feel you owe me one, how about letting some of our readers be your audience, so I can keep a few



"Then there's the one where you pivot on your knees and he thrusts

more readers happy – as I'm sure after this, our office will be flooded with people after your address. Actually, this sounds like a good show, so save me a seat, then I can give our readers a

continued on page 76

# PHOTO-FUNNIES

What girls do when they haven't got much on...



"Well, first of all we dress up in the nude, darlin'..."



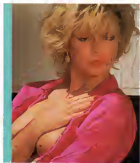
"And then we hang around bus stops and other push places..."

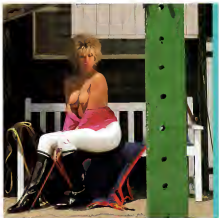


"And when a bloke comes along we wiggle our bits and go 'Goo'..."



"Until his trousers fall off. Then we run off and pawn them."





# *T o o t s*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT FOX

# T

...mysterious stuff, this  
color of life. On a good  
day it makes you see  
livable and on a bad day,





100%





feel treble. According to Toots, that is, who is brim full of it. Not surprising, when you consider the sort of pressures on a young girl hailed as North London's most promising trainee brow surgeon and hair stylist. "A girl has to relax," avers Toots. "I can always nip round to Walt Allen's place, nuff him in his cagooles and gallop off on his arab stallion which I am training to shiv in his camera." Great stuff, Toots, don't phone us! (X)







# Bubbles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES







**B**ut if we run the cover girl inside the magazine, I said, what are we going to do for letters? And I had a point. At the moment three fifths of the Men Only post bag is letters asking why the hell the cover girl wasn't featured inside, and assuming that we are amiable incompetents. Most of the other letters are from people pretending to be Ronald Reagan, the Prime Minister or various councilors, so we need those from the sure, albeit reproachful, minority. No chance now. Next month it's President Aquino time. folks











**MEN ONLY**





# Jail

## Mates

*E. Walter Mudd had it Coming. Kay Sis wanted it Gone.*

*Walter planned the perfect crime; she didn't. He went in through the ventilator; she wanted in through his zip.*

*Was Walter going down for 10 years, or was Kay Sis going down for 10 minutes? Fiction by Ted Breedlove.*

The second time he'd seen her was in jail during an attorney visit. A tall, statuesque brunette with breasts so large they stretched her prison blouse open just enough to make you want to peek inside. Sure your eyes inside her shirt to the fair, soft skin there. Then she'd stare back indignantly, yet saying with her look that it was all right to check her out, that you could get away with it.

The guard unlocked the attorney booth, let him inside,

then left. It was a small, steel cubicle, paneled with glass from thigh-high to the ceiling so the guard on duty could simply look down the row of lockups, peering through the glass, to supervise the visits. Glass also divided the room into halves and in the centre of that section, glass slid aside to make a window so prisoners could talk face to face with their attorney or pass papers back and forth. A small ledge on either side served as a table for signing documents or leaning on

and there was a chair over there for the attorney and a fixed stool here for the prisoner. One stool.

She was sitting on it now, hands folded in her lap, with her back to him. Her lusciously-brushed ebony hair spread full and thick below her waist and she smelled like a million roses. She'd caught him peaking into her blouse when she turned around, him standing there embarrassed and handcuffed. If she'd felt like losing his head off his shoulders he couldn't have stopped her,

hands bound behind him like they were, but instead, she smiled.

His name was Mudd and late last night E. Walter Mudd had burglarized the local Post Office down the road from the flat where he lived. He'd gone in through a ventilator in the roof, as if he knew what he was doing, and used the Government's Check-Protector to make out \$160,000 worth of Postal Money Orders. He'd put the money orders in a box addressed to his flat,

# ARE YOU REGULAR?



**Do you like to see your favourite girls in every issue?**

YES NO



**Has Debee Ashby got the most wonderful pair?**

YES NO



**Do you love Marie Harper?**

YES NO



**Does Dionne, our pen pal, turn you on?**

YES NO

IF THE ANSWER IS YES TO ALL THESE QUESTIONS THEN YOU MUST BE A REGULAR READER OF **RAZZLE**

**BRITAIN'S FIRST FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

(If the answer is no — carry on taking the pills)

dropped it in the office post box and left the same way he had entered.

Problem was the girl delivering some mail in the letter box saw him climb down and was standing there slack-jawed, staring in disbelief at him, then at the roof, then back to him when the patrol car passed by. He arrested them both. The police thought they'd burgled the Post Office together, even though they had nothing on them — no money orders, no bugler boots — and that simple fact confused the law. Now they were in jail for investigation. E. Walter had called his attorney and that's how things stood at the moment.

E. Walter Mudd eased forward into the small space between the girl and the glass wall, then leaned back on it for support, locking his legs at the knees and sliding forward to stare at her stool. A solemn but confident expression spread across his youthful face as he greeted his lawyer, then introduced himself to the girl. Her name was Kay Sis Winsome, thank you. He asked the attorney if bail had been set yet. No, it hadn't because there were no charges. They were being held for investigation and would be free to leave after 72 hours if no charges were filed. Kay Sis said she'd seen E. Walter inside the Post Office. What had he been doing in there? The attorney said E. Walter had stolen \$160,000 worth of Postal Money Orders but the police couldn't prove it, nor could they find the money orders. Had she told them anything or signed any statements? No, she said she hadn't.

Cautiously furrowed his brows and crisscrossed with kilted her forehead. Kay Sis's mind weighed the facts and alternatives behind big, brown eyes that were calm, seeing E. Walter up and wondering why he hadn't been caught with the goods.

He said, "Let me explain it to you, OK? You caught me getting rich. The police didn't. It took me

longer to get out of there than I planned, that's all. I'm as sorry as you are that you stumbled into this mess."

She sat there a moment, waiting, thinking, fascinated now as she realised E. Walter had actually got away with \$160,000. So how. When no-one was watching.

E. Walter could hear her gears turning but let his eyes wander back inside her blouse and wondered how big her nipples were. Kay Sis was a real knockout, 23 or so, and gorgeous now that he saw her in good light.

As if on cue, the groovy attorney and the snappy girl with the smiling view both looked at E. Walter and said, "Well?" in unison.

The pinch. E. Walter could see it coming. They wanted \$50,000 each. E. Walter could keep the \$50,000 but not quite what he had in mind but it'd do — his freedom was worth all of it if necessary. The attorney smiled now, leaning back in his chair, and asked him there was no problem as long as they didn't find any fingerprints, then looked at the pretty, busty brunette and congratulated her on her new fortune.

Kay Sis looked up into E. Walter's face and saw the seriousness etched in his features. He was a good 6ft, tall, healthy and handsome with his tan and neatly-trimmed moustache growing down the sides of his chin. His eyes were as blue as the sky at noon and fixed on her blouse again, staring around inside it, perhaps sucking on her nipples in his quest mind.

She reached out and unknapped the bottom two buttons on E. Walter's pulchre jumpsuit and pulled off his dick out. The lawyer's head swivelled like an owl, looking through the glass in both directions, expecting the guard to say something, but the man was oblivious and hadn't seen anything yet. The attorney begged and pleaded with them to



"Just a little more care choosing his eyes. Eggo, and I wouldn't have had to make a guide dog."

stop, to cut it out before they all got into trouble, but Kay Sis had E. Walker in her mouth now, sucking him hard. The hollows of her cheeks were drawn in and her lips were curled back over her teeth. Her hands were on E. Walker's hips and E. Walker himself was a bout to have a heart attack thinking they might get caught, but thought, so what – and didn't budge. He wished his foot attorney would shut up because his meat was getting hard, becoming more and more

in E. Walker's belly, stayed there nuzzling him and made E. Walker come in her mouth with giant squirts he could feel travelling through the entire length of his dick.

Kay Sis never made a sound or touched E. Walker with her hands the whole time – a real classy act. She moved back to the head of E. Walker's still throbbing shaft, gripped it in her lips and continued to lick the swollen head until E. Walker binged so violently he was forced to stand

## **'CLOSING HIS EYES HE DREAMT ABOUT SPREADING HER LONG LEGS APART'**

erect, and it left so good E. Walker didn't care if he did get caught. What were they going to do – put him in jail?

Kay Sis was making long, deep strokes on E. Walker, then backing off to stop at the end, tucking him in her lips to give the head inside her mouth two quick flips with her tongue before going back down on him. All of him in her mouth, hot inside there, then cool and shiny, coated with her saliva as she moved back to the head, clasped her lips tightly around him there and flipped the head with her tongue, quicker and harder each time. She went down sideways next, the head of E. Walker's long member sliding along the smoothness of her cheek, bulging it out, then slipping into her throat. She held her breath and tried to swallow him, as if maybe he could reach into her stomach, but then slid back to the head for more nerve-shattering tongue flips. She pushed her head to the other side now, going down on his length from a different angle with the other cheek. She stretched her neck to straighten it and jammed E. Walker into the hot pressure of her small throat. All of him. Saliva foamed out of the corners of her mouth and collected there until it streamed down her chin to splatter on the floor between E. Walker's legs. Her lips were blood red from the friction and hot. They wrapped around him at the very base of his shaft and Kay Sis tried to swallow him again.

E. Walker could feel it coming, could feel his nut sack draw up into his belly and his knees start to tremble. He tried hard not to make any noise or draw attention, to be cool. But the lawyer was jerking off now, watching them – her with E. Walker deep in her throat and E. Walker leaning back against the wall he ridiculed. E. Walker thought the skin on his shaft was stretched so tight it would burst. He could hear his heart pounding in his ears. Kay Sis pushed his hips back to the wall, then buried her pretty face

But she didn't stop there. Instead, she looked up into E. Walker's baby blues and held his gaze, made him look at her sitting there with his big rod in her face, then opened her mouth to show him his come glistering in the latter across her tongue. Great, stringy white gobs of it.

Kay Sis sat straight up, still looking deep into E. Walker's blue eyes, then tilted her head back and swallowed his load. E. Walker watched the lump slide down her throat and disappear in the cleavage of those magnificent breasts he couldn't get his hands on. Kay Sis put E. Walker back in his jailhouse jumpsuit, turned to the attorney, and said: "I take care of my man." E. Walker was still half-erect when the unwitting guard escorted him back to his cell. He'd just had the best blowjob in his life. He wanted more – and it showed.

On the morning of the second day the FBI came. They tried to interrogate Ms. Winsome but she refused to talk without her attorney present and remained silent even after investigations said E. Walker had confessed – that she was free to go after she signed the statement. They called Mr. Mudd in next and said Kay Sis Winsome had signed a statement against him, that it was all over now, but guaranteed him a light sentence if he'd co-operate and surrender the money orders E. Walker had to give them credit – they snafu hard – but like Kay Sis, he refused comment without his attorney present. In fact, both suspects still refused to discuss the matter even after their attorney was present, so they were returned to their cells.

No charges had been filed yet but E. Walker went to the prison's law library that afternoon with the other inmates from his tank. They walked in just as the female prisoners were being escorted back to their floor and E. Walker spotted Kay Sis instantly, tall and pretty as she was, standing there searching frantically in the crowd of men before her. Then she saw



*Things are looking up in*

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# **club**

INTERNATIONAL

# FED UP POPPING THOSE LITTLE PLASTIC BUBBLES IN CELLOPHANE WRAPPING STUFF? GIVE YOURSELF THE THRILL REAL MEN LIKE...



## TRY WRESTLING WITH A MEN ONLY SUBSCRIPTIONS WRAPPER

That's right, men. Every month a thrill-a-minute time when some fool is a peaked cap and ragged, dog-bitten trousers is trying to stuff crisp, pink-fresh copies of *Men Only* through your letterbox. Each month brings a fresh spine-tugging surprise. Will you open the wrapper with your teeth or your? With your wife's new portable exploding pants enhancer? While wrestling your louse from the cat? These and other important socio-sexual matters will be resolved the first time you thrill to the pop of your mailbox.

Please send me the next twelve issues of *MEN ONLY*. I enclose a cheque/postal order for £21.00 (United Kingdom), £29.00 (overseas). This includes carriage. All cheques & postal orders should be crossed and made payable to Paul Raymond Publications Ltd. Overseas subscribers should pay by international money order, or bank draft in pounds sterling. Send this form to: Men Only Subscription Dept., Competition House, Farnham Road, Market Harborough, Leics. LE16 9NR.

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him and their eyes met. Kay Sis broke into a huge schoolboy grin and blew E. Waller a kiss off her fingertips. It aroused him, made him feel like an animal all tense with emotions. But she was out in the hall now, waiting for the lift with the matron and other girls and they were separated by a locked steel door with a six-inch window in it. E. Waller put his hand on the window and spread his fingers apart. Kay Sis put her hand on the other side of the window, palm to palm, and instantly they felt each other's warmth penetrating the glass. Kay Sis was trying to say something with her lips, to mouth a word, but E. Waller couldn't understand. He moved his hand to see better and saw the word **COMPUTER** written in ink across her palm. Then she was gone.

E. Waller entered the prison library, passed through the leather book section and seated himself in the reference room where the computer was, the one inmates used. He turned it on and pressed the format button. This message appeared:

*I love you, E. Waller Mudd, I think we can make it together the rest of our lives with \$110,000 I'd be happy with that - and you You're my man now, E. Waller, you fit me perfectly. The FBI interviewed me today and here's the deal*

*They want testimony and, E. Waller, I want matrimony and the other!*

The choice is yours but without me, Mr. Mudd, you have nothing KSW.

P.S. Don't fight it, E. Waller - it's bigger than the both of us.

E. Waller was beside himself with joy not only had he got away with this perfect crime, he'd picked up the perfect partner in the process! Tomorrow in court he'd tell her. He didn't know exactly how he'd tell her, but "I love you, let's get married" sounded interesting. It'd get her attention.

That night they thought about each other. E. Waller pictured Kay Sis in a cell lying on the bunk with her long legs crossed at the ankles, perhaps tapping a bare foot on the wall, but with her arms behind her head like a pillow. He realised she was not only smart but resourceful to move on him the way she had. A clever act of deception, or maybe devotion, he wasn't sure which, although her delivery was unquestionable. It showed allegiance. And she had nerve. Boy, did she have nerve!

E. Waller closed his eyes and dreamt about spreading her long legs apart, lying on top of Kay Sis and feeling the soft mounds of her breasts against him.

In another part of the prison Kay Sis was experiencing the same thoughts and emotions. She'd let E. Waller know exactly how she felt by leaving that

message on the computer. She wanted to be his partner - no doubt about it. Also, things weren't what they appeared to be, even the police knew that, but she was trying to make the best out of an unexpected event, and E. Waller just to mention \$110,000 gave her the strength and determination to see it through.

She considered E. Waller both shy and brilliant to conceive such a foolproof scam. She liked him, too. She liked him a lot and was especially fond of what he had to offer. Kay Sis moved her right hand from behind her head and slid it into her panties, down there between her legs where the ache was. Yes, she liked E. Waller a lot.

At 9 a.m., 72 hours after their arrest, E. Waller Mudd and Kay Sis Winsome sat across from each other at a table in Federal court. She wore the purest mask of innocent innocence and sat patiently watching E. Waller trying to conceal his desire and enthusiasm. She was excited, too, and smiled as she pushed a document between them, towards E. Waller, turning it around so he could read it. The title of the document jumped out at E. Waller. Printed in large, black capital letters was the word **INDICTMENT. NO BAIL**. It was stamped across that in bright, red ink and farther down were their names. He read them quickly and lifted the sound.



Mudd, E. Waller - Winsome, Kay Sis.

He said them again, this time faster and louder with a noticeable slur.

Muddy-Waller-Wins-some-cases.

Puzzled postal inspectors and the bewildered FBI watched E. Waller Mudd and the girl walk out of the courtroom arm in arm. They saw them kiss on the courthouse steps, then slide into the Lincoln driven by their attorney and merge with the traffic flowing on the boulevard. They vanished into the warm, spring morning.

Hard what to make a living. No matter what you did, it was



# Lisa

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES



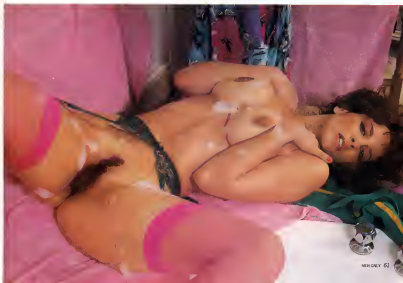


**L**

et's be honest about this — a lot of the time I write these captions without even seeing the pictures! Well, I think it's pretty well established that mostly we don't get to meet the girls, like the other mags pretend. And if we do know them — well, it makes it



worse because you don't say: "Hey, I really fancy giving her one!" about people you know. Right? And if you don't know her, it's an advantage not seeing the pics. Because someone like this Lisa is so horny you don't feel like taking the pics. And you can't write lies like the other mags. Which leaves you in something of a quandary. @









**Cireta**

P H O T O G R A P H S   B Y   U L F   S T J E R N B O







***e**verything you could possibly want to know about Greta is made perfectly clear in these explicit, full-frontal, revealing and extremely wonderful pictures. That being so, I*





would like to discuss a phenomenon which has been amusing me of late. It is: The phenomenon of the liberated, nostalgic, woman. The liberated woman, as we all know, likes the idea of being feminine and hanging around all day – just so long as some other fool does the washing up, the housework and, most of all, the ironing! No modern woman worth her Spine Rub would be seen near an iron. Isn't it ironic, though, that these same persons are also sold on nostalgia? Convenience foods? No way! Drip-dry fabrics? Forget!





*if They've got to have cotton, linen and so on. Which need ironing. Right? The result? The crumpled look! Not just of the shirt – like the rag I'm wearing. Out of the female face as she tries to reconcile these irreconcilable opposites. *

# GLAMOUR SEX & BEAUTY

## Paul Raymond's MODEL DIRECTORY

NUMBER 4  
£1.50



PAUL RAYMOND'S PERSONAL SELECTION OF THE  
MOST SEXY AND ATTRACTIVE

*You are personally invited to savour the flawless beauty and stunning sexuality of the world's most desirable women, individually selected for your pleasure by internationally renowned publisher PAUL RAYMOND. MODEL DIRECTORY – the erotic quarterly compilation of glamour, sex and beauty for the discerning collector – is on sale at your local newsagents from December 11. Volume 4 Number 4 Price £1.50.*

# BLAH!

continued from page 30

written commentary of your dramatic events (Maggie)

### Voyeur's Delight

Dear Maggie: I'd like *Men Only* readers to know just how lucky I am. I enjoy watching women together in bed. My present girlfriend is a real sport. She's not that way inclined but she has a friend who is, and ever since I told her of my fetish, she has been inviting her friend over to spend evenings with us. I sit on a chair at the end of the bed and jerk off to the extreme delight of watching my girlfriend being teased to orgasm at the same time. It's a shame her mate isn't bisexual. I could have the time of my life going in. If I ever do, I shall write to make your readers even more envious. Until then, I'll leave it to the imaginations what pleasure watching two sweet pussies creating in front of your very eyes can do for me.

A.P.  
Leeds

his shortcomings, it might make him do something about it and stop jerking off to magazines in the toilet at night, when he should be performing with me. Well, I'm far from Miss Piggy. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that I'm rather attractive in many ways. Although I'm always willing, sometimes months go by without his coming on to me, and the last few times have added up to about 20 minutes, all told.

So, if and when he reads this (because when it is published, I'll make a point of purchasing a copy and leaving it open on the bed), he can mark my words with whatever he likes, but if he doesn't back his ideas up, I'll put my efforts into the personal columns of every magazine and newspaper, for somebody who knows when they're on to a good thing.

Gina F.,  
Nanuch

Dear Gina: I feel you're being slightly unfair with your husband, assuming he can instantly change his sexual mode to suit you. In fact, you can't be absolutely sure that this problem doesn't lie with you. Men are not turned on in the same way as women. It's far easier for you to use mind over matter than it is for him. A man's bedroom activities can be affected by problems of



Dear Al: Do write in and tell us I'm sure our readers will enjoy sharing the wonders of your good fortune. But please, do give us more of the juicy details so we can really tickle our brains with envy. And if I were you, I wouldn't get too big-headed by rocking the boat and getting greedy. It sounds like your girlfriend enjoys it as much as you and if she had to make a choice, would she still choose you? A sport like that could have the pick of the crop, so be careful and don't forget the details next time (Maggie)

### Wistful Feelings

Dear Maggie: I found a copy of *Men Only* in my husband's bedside locker and since it's not the first, I thought he might get a cheap thrill from reading what his own hang-ups are. I have told him, but perhaps knowing how many others will be reading about

work, financial worries or even ego deficiencies. Sometimes telling him in the wrong way that you are dissatisfied can be the worst thing for him. I'm sure that if you're as attractive as you say, the problem does lie outside the bedroom. So try to be as lenient as possible. Anyway, good luck with your personal ad, if you feel the need to place one after all (Maggie)

### Sexy Scenes

Sir: Re the letter *Fair Comment* (Blah! Vol 50, No 10). What a wonderful sense of the erotic Ms J.F. had! I suggest that you hire her to direct one or two photo sessions immediately!

My girlfriend found the scenario just as sexy as I did and, as a result, we had a very hectic evening yesterday. Unfortunately,

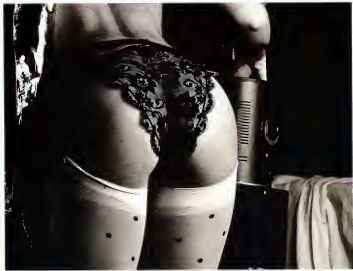
continued on page 98



## PRIVATE PARTS

Proudly presenting, in one easy rip out and slow away section, the incredibly naughty bits! Thrill to the desires of randy women, quiver at true tales of sexual obsession. Better, send us your own true experiences.

*This section is entirely yours to write.*



## OBSESSION

*Obsessive behaviour may be a dormant characteristic which produces short periods of excessive abandon when triggered off by certain stimuli.*

*Or it may, in some people, dominate their sexuality throughout their lives.*

**This month: Camera Club Capers.**

"You should have a go at this Right up your street."

My husband handed me the Advertiser, opened at the classifieds. Northside Camera Club needs models. Lingerie, swimwear, etc. £5 per hour.

"You sit on your arse all day and earn half as well as," he continued in his usual, charming, just-home-from-work-and-when's-me-tea manner. "So why not spend a few hours each night doing the same and get paid for it? Three hours a night, three nights a week, that's—let

me see now—£45 tax free. For doing absolutely

"It doesn't worry you?" I asked. "The thought of your darling wife being ogled by a room full of men with Kodak Brownies and no film?"

But Michael wouldn't have it otherwise. It was a 'lupit' camera club, he insisted, and a member of The British Society of Amateur Photographers, too.

Reluctantly, I phoned the camera club 'secretary', a man with a thin, reedy, suburban accent

"Naturally, we would prefer someone with experience in the bikini field," he whined.

"I'm particularly good in stockings," I said, with calculated suggestiveness, making sure my husband was out of earshot.

"DH? Stockings, you say?" He

giggled, nervously—revoltingly. Well then, why don't you come along soon? Say tonight?

Far from sure I could live with Mr. Eric Dewsbury and his nervous giggle, I arrived at the 'club'—the basement of a Bangladeshi video shop—at 8pm.

sharp. Dewsbury, resident in a couple (why do bald men always opt for ginger?) showed me into his 'establishment'. A truly horrible woman called Marge sat on a stool, smoking a cigarette, wearing what is known in the lingerie profession as a corsetette, and brown stockings, while the club members (three Asians, two deeply unpleasant-looking adolescents, and a fat, middle-aged Sidray Greenstreet clone) snapped away.

The amply landed 50-year-old stubbed her cigarette out and



looked impatiently at her wristwatch.

"10 minutes left, gents. Do I get 'em out now, or what?"

I watched while Marge dug her hands into the heavily-disheveled corset lap and extracted her huge, pendulous jugs. Then two minutes later, with a resounding crack she climbed off her perch.

"Right, gents, that's your lot. See you Friday," said Marge.

"That's it!" I declared, stasically. "I've seen all I want to see, thank you very much! £8 an hour, cash in hand, or I'm off!"

Dewsbury rased on me, eyes narrowing, his forehead wrinkles wildly out of synch with his head-rag.

"We've had your sort in here before!" he spat. "Think you can call the shots because you're young, like! This is an esthetic establishment, not some Soho go-show. We're affiliated to the Spooky Miss Thesmer Affiliates!"

"Ald I've got a bus to catch," I said, budbining my coat. "I'm sorry, I thought your members would enjoy the chance to photograph, you know, continental style."

"Ah!" said Dewsbury. "Continental's different! In fact, now I think about it, the Society's recommended rate for continental is..."

"About £8, I shouldn't wonder," I said, exasperated. "Listen, where do I put my things? Well, don't just stand there, help me with my zip!"

At 25 years of age, figure unmarred by the rigours of childbirth or a weekless for Cadbury's Milk Tray, I emerged from behind the filthy red velvet curtain to face Dewsbury's budding Patrick Lufffields, in my black Janet Rigger bra and panties, Christen Dior stockings, and black, high-heeled patents.

"This is Miss Thesmer, our new model," Dewsbury announced. "Miss Thesmer's a specialist in the continental mode, aren't you, my dear? So I think the divan from the stock room, if you would be so good, Godley!"

A narrow, G-claret bed was duly arranged atop a lime green chipboard dais. I climbed aboard, prebending not to nohce the ugly stairs, and arranged myself as erotically as is humanly possible in front of a squared collar full of social moths.

"That's not continental, but—that's glamour," said Fat Man, clutching a tiny Canon like a Big Mac.

"Perhaps you could explain the difference, then," I said.

"Well, glamour's, you know, bra off," he mumbled.

"Oh! Well, in that case..." I said, uncupping my breasts at the back and pulling it down around my shoulders. "And continental?"

"Oh, well, that's different, like," said Fat Man, brazenly



**"I MADE A SLOW, SENSUAL  
JOB OF STEPPING OUT  
OF MY PANTIES..."**

"Gerry on," I said, beginning to enjoy myself. "How different, exactly?"

"Sort of, things off, and all."

"Oh! You mean my panties?" I

exclaimed, with sarcastic glee.

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

Getting to my feet, I made a slow, sensual job of stepping them down around my bottom,

stepping out of them, and tossing

them nonchalantly aside.

I couldn't believe that, given the extraordinarily unappearing circumstances, I was becoming sexually aroused. My nipples were erect, though probably more from the cold than anything else. But my pussy was shamefully wet, my clitoris begging to be coaxed out of her hood and loved, as though

confirming my strong exhibitionistic streak.

One of the skinhead youths leered on the dais in front of me, squinting, red-faced, through his viewfinder, focussing on my pudsie.

"Does that look good?" I asked, moving my legs apart. "I mean, is the pose adequate?"

"Yes thank you, Miss," said a brittle-headed boy, like he was addressing his headmistress. "But do you think you could sort of spread yourself, like?"

Dewsbury scoured out from behind the curtain, wagging his finger.

"How many times have I got to tell you, Mr. Keaton," he whinged, "I'll have no split beavers in this establishment!"

The skinhead dropped his camera and, looking up from where he knelt, just inches from my pussy, leered menacingly at the camera club boys.

"Why don't you do everyone a favour and fuck off, Dewsbury?" he snarled. "We pay a tenner a night to come to your pay club, and for once we've got a decent model, and if I wanna do continental shots, I'm gonna do 'em, right?"

Dewsbury, seething with rage, disappeared into a room marked Production Manager, and slammed the door.

"That!" snapped young Barry Keaton, looking into my eyes with unrepentant lechery. "Now, where were we?"

Still in the same position, stockinged legs akimbo, I ran my hand down my belly and faced an imaginary North-South path through my thick, black pubic bush. With thumb and forefinger, I gently eased my purple petals apart, to reveal my radiant, inner-pink wetness. The young skinhead started to tremble, and beads of sweat formed on his forehead as he twiddled unconvincedly with his camera controls. A bulge of quite peripartous proportions rapidly filled the left inner leg of his bleached, sawn-off tights.

Away they were missing out and, anyway, completely denied a view by the young bower boy's remarkably broad shoulders and bull-like neck, the other club members came and stood around, still maintaining the ludicrous photographer-facade.

With a little snave stretching, I found I was able to straddle the narrow divan and rest my high heels on the floor, either side. A cool draught reminded me I was pouring, down below—and that the boys were dutifully getting their money's worth. Things seemed to develop from there, if you know what I mean. Then it was just as fat Nigel was handing me the banana that the door smashed open and a very nice Michael rushed in.

"Right, that's it!" he snapped, dragging me off the divan. "You're coming home, madam!"

"And who the fuck is you?" said bower-conscious Barry. "Her husband, you little dick!" shouted Michael, dragging me to my feet and slapping my bottom.

My God, if I could have whissled Michael on to that bed, I swear I'd have screwed him there and then! As I scurried around the stage, grabbing my things and trying to put them on, Michael chased me, twerking my bum and generally getting me hopelessly flustered.

Grabbing my wrist and not caring that I was semi-naked, my husband dragged me out of the club, up the basement steps, and



## "THE YOUNG SKINHEAD TWIDDED UNCONVINCINGLY WITH HIS CAMERA CONTROLS"

bundled me into the back of the Volvo, parked, thankfully, right outside.

"You dirty slut!" he ranted, then, starting the engine and roaring away with the tyres screeching (not easy, in a Volvo), suddenly changing his tune and bursting into laughter. "You dirty, disgusting cow! I was listening

behind that door all the time. My God, you see what I've got in store for you!"

Instead of driving home, Michael headed out of town and into the country, finally skidding to a halt and reversing back along a muddy cart track. Needless to say—and to my husband's delight—I'd made not the

slightest effort to dress. Indeed, by the time he'd parked and dragged me out of the back, I was down to shoes and stockings again.

"In the mud, Missy!" he said, pointing through a gap in a hedge to a freshly-ploughed field, where, on my hands and knees, I abandoned myself to one of the most thrilling fucks of my life—a solid hour of marvellous, mindless rutting.

"Who's a dirty girl, then?" I panted happily, sitting on the tailgate of the old estate, peeling off my torn stockings and scraping caked mud off my thighs.

"Woman!" said Michael, tut-tutting contentedly. **MS**





Photography by Peter Focquaert

# ONE · WOMAN'S · FANTASY

*The great thing about fantasizing is that they're usually  
easy to make up and you can be as dirty as you like without going into a studio.*

*Write it and tell us yours and we'll shoot  
some rude pictures to go with it. We'll actually pay you, too!*

Once upon a time there was a lonely young lass called Mandy, who dreamed of being fucked rotten by lots of hunky looking men!

Now Mandy (i.e. me!) had a major problem in so much as she couldn't get enough. You see, she could get the guys all right, but she couldn't get the right guys. Somehow they just didn't seem to want to know. Until one day, when she was lying misbehaving on her bed, she noticed through the half-opened curtains a pair of binoculars glimmering in the window pane.

"A voyeur," she thought to herself. "Now that's novel, and it might even help me to get over my problem."

And this is what happened next...

Being the shy type of girl, I didn't want him to know that I had found out his little game, so for the next few minutes I just carried on playing with the bulging bud between my legs, wriggling around as the sensations began to creep up on me. I started to feel immensely horny, knowing that his eyes were glued to my active body, deciding

then and there to act out this facade for a hell of a lot longer...

Slowly, I let my hands feel around the contours of my aching body, easing them along the curves and grooves of my perfectly formed pulsating flesh.

Suddenly the room became scaldingly hot and clammy, or maybe it was me — I'm not too sure, but it was definitely one of us!

My actions shifted into overdrive, and I began to pull at the damp pussy hairs around my snatch. I rolled the long, tangy bits over my fingers and gently

stretched them until they automatically parted my vagina. I inserted one finger at a time into my gaping hole, then feeling that it wasn't enough, I inserted another and started moving them to and fro within the density of my humid box.

I imagined that a weighty tongue was flicking over my clit, and then the skillful invader chewed down on me, biting and sucking my erect bulge.

I felt myself nearing orgasm stage, all the time still imagining that his fiery tongue was lapping away at me.

PRIVATE PARTS





My fingers began to move with frantic speed as I succumbed to my glorious crescendo.

I could smell the pungent fluid as it reached my nostrils, so I licked my cum-soaked fingers until I had drunk every last drop of my jam.

I couldn't help thinking about what sort of effect my antics were having on my voyeur. He must have been nearly creaming his

pants by this stage!

So I walked over towards the window, making damn sure that he didn't know I was watching him, and stretched seductively in the direction of his binoculars. As my hands descended, I let them fall upon the roundness of my breasts. My nipples immediately responded to my tender touch, and I felt them perk up and stand to attention, their pinkness

turning to rosy red as they expanded and pulsated beneath my twinking.

I stood by the window, feeling myself for ages, allowing my body to sway and shudder under the expert movement of my hands. I could feel his eyes burning into me, willing me to do more and satisfy his lustful desires.

Spreading my legs wide, I took the length of the curtain and





passed it along the crack between my legs. Rubbing the material over my clitoris, I demonstrated seductively to my voyeur exactly what I could have been doing to his cock.

I glanced towards him, licking my lips and letting a moan escape from my mouth. Not that he could hear me, of course, but he could definitely recognise the signs. And to my utter delight, I saw that he had unzipped his flies and taken out his wonderful weapon and was maniacally working the huge thing to my every movement.

It gave me a sense of ultimate power, knowing that I had complete control over a total stranger. So I decided to resume my position on the bed, and this time really go for it.

I took out my vibrator and installed it in its rightful position within my pussy, before switching it on. My legs were hanging over the side of the bed, directly opposite the window, giving my friend across the road the most perfect and pleasurable view of my hairy vagine.

I took a hold of my love bud. The firm, central device rested immediately under my timely grip and triggered all what can only be described as a mind-blowing stimulus within my body.

By now I was totally oblivious to anything else that was happening around me. The only thing that seemed to matter was the feeling of what was going on inside me.

Suddenly the door to my room burst open. I recognised the intruder immediately, it was him, yes, the voyeur!

I pretended to panic, and tried to hide by pulling the bedclothes over me.

"Don't act as if you don't know me," he said. "I saw you watching me, and now I want you. It's what you were after all the time, isn't it?"

I couldn't reply to him. In fact, I was far too stunned to do anything at all.

But he didn't wait for an answer. He literally leapt on top of me, throwing the bedclothes on to the floor, along with my vibrator — which incidentally was still switched on!

His tool invaded my cunt almost as though it was made for it, and I gasped as it began to throb and grow within me.

I responded eagerly to his forceful advances, pulling his body deeper and deeper into mine. How wonderful it felt to have a proper fucking by a proper cock, and not just one that I had to imagine.

So, this is how the young beautiful Mandy managed to get her rocks off with lots of hunky looking men, any old time she wanted to... and they all lived happily ever after! 



## YOURS · SINFULLY

*Write and tell us about what turns you on.*

*We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences.*

*Address your letters to: The Editor,*

*Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.*

### DO YOU LIKE SOUL MUSIC?

My name's Marwa and I'm 23 years old. My folks came to the UK from Anzghia in 1955, and since I left school I've only ever dated black boys. Then I met Ray, a white soul music DJ who's developed a big cult following on the South London nightclub circuit.

Well, I loved Ray's music, he loved my dancing, and I moved into his flat after going out with him for less than a month, and now we share the most amazing

sexual relationship.

It was incredibly exciting, the first time we undressed and got into bed together. Ray was fascinated by my tight pubic curls, which he likened – jokingly, I might add – to wine wool! And, while I've never been fresh with boys, I found it hard to conceal my interest in his beautiful, chalk-white cock, with its faint blue veins and pale purple knob.

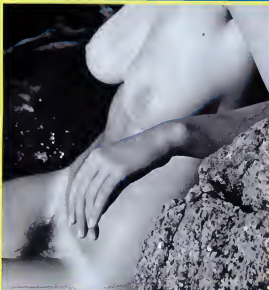
God, it all came out that first night together! How Ray had spent his adolescence playing with himself over album covers of

the Supremes and Martha and the Vandellas – and I'd been hot for Mick Jagger and Brian Ferry.

Anyhow, I'm pleased to say I more than lived up to my new lover's expectations in the sack. Ray's a wonderful lover, and I love nothing more than to look down between my legs while he's fucking me, marvelling at the contrast between his big, white dick and my ebony inner thighs. I'm blessed with incredibly tight vaginal muscles, too, and there's nothing my lover enjoys more, when fully embedded in my pussy, than to feel me squeeze

him, holding him so wondrously tight inside me while I dig my nails into his bottom, or reach down and tickle his balls.

When, on our first night, Ray let slip he was a stockings and suspenders man, I went out the very next day and bought a selection of slinky, kinky undies. I may be imagining things, but when I walked into the bedroom that evening and tilted my seat to reveal sexy black stockings, my pussy covered only by the seductively little triangle of black silk, I swear his erection was a full inch longer than the previous night!



I made as if to undress completely, but Ray insisted I keep everything on — my Ready Made G-string included.

Positioning me in the velvet tub chair beside his bed, he placed my legs atop the padded arms and got down between my knees. We had yet to try oral sex, and when I saw what he had in mind, I nearly panicked.

"Don't worry, it'll be all right," he assured me, worming his tongue inside my panty-crotch and licking my slit from top to bottom.

As I got into it, I slowly relaxed, feeling like I was going to melt when he started licking his tongue delicately on and out of my vagina. Good, I wanted him so desperately, I could hardly contain my excitement, and while he continued licking, I reached down and spread my sex as wide as possible. Only seconds later, I experienced the most powerful orgasm of my life — with not the slightest help from Mick or Brian!

**Marcia, London S.E. 16.**

#### JOHN'S MORE FUN

Here's a photo of me, taken by my husband during a naturist holiday on the French island of Levant, featuring my big gun, my big straw hat, and my equally big boob! I'm 34 years old, but my husband reckons I'm in such good nick, I was getting more attention than some of the teenage girls. This was probably due to my physical peculiarity of being quite slim, while disproportionately big on top, as opposed to "dumplings" all over, like Sam Fox (bitch, bitch).

Geoff and I live near Reading, or "Silicon Valley" as it's now known. On the gin-and-tonic circuit we're regarded as an "attractive couple." I'm always getting goosed at cocktail parties, and no party seems complete without some mystery hand slipping on my knee under the tablecloth, while Geoff's penchant for leather joints makes him a favourite topic of conversation in the ladies loo at the local wine bar.

boys, because their wedding tackle looked so incongruous, flipping up and down each time they rushed for the ball. Nevertheless, there were aspects of the holiday I found incredibly stimulating, sexually. I loved to see Geoff and Ian squirming in discomfort, pretending not to notice the tail, lean German boys, with cocks as thick as your wrist. I just love to flirt, and it drove Geoff crazy, bless him. My male eyes at younger men during dinner, or on our evening walks.

As everyone seems to on holiday, we found "our" beach, walking east along the shore for a mile one morning after breakfast, and discovering the smooth, white sand gradually turned into rocky escarpments and shady dunes. Each day, we'd slope off with Julie and Ian at first light, with a freezer box full of plunk, and spend the day concocting new four-way sex games (and, believe me, we came up with some new positions that would make your hair curl) and splashing like kids in the surf.

It was all very idyllic, until one day, distracted by a cough, we looked up from our X-rated antics to discover we were being watched (and had been for some while, by all accounts) by two young, blond German boys, one of whom stood overlooking us on a rocky outcrop, hands on hips, his cock at full mast, scornfully throbbing in the afternoon heat.

"How do you say piss off in German?" asked Ian, lecherily, seeing how flagrant Julie and I were giving them the old come-on. I was tremendously flattered at being responsible for a hard-on in a lad more than 10 years my junior, and if our husbands hadn't been around, I'd have enjoyed nothing more than to make the German teenagers to join Julie and I for a group cock-sucking session in the hot, mid-day sun. I knew Julie wouldn't have turned her back on such an opportunity, either.

We decided to send Geoff and Ian wandering the next day, in order to indulge ourselves in the dunes. Sure enough, like a pair of dogs on the scent of a bitch in heat, the lads tailed Julie and I along the beach to our favourite, secret spot among the rocks. Neither of us spoke a word of German, but as Julie observed, with wonderful subtleties (and, my God, you have to hand it to her): "There's no point trying to talk any bloody language when you've got a huge cock in your mouth!"

Feeling just wonderfully guilty, Julie and I washed off the evidence of our wilful infidelity in the breakers, and went to join our husbands for dinner. We'd worked up quite an appetite!

**Louise, Reading, RG2**

About a year ago, we became friendly with another couple with similar interests, and, following a boozey birthday party, we all ended up in bed together. It started when Geoff decided we should all sit in the lounge and watch a hardcore video, and the sight of two busy young trolls, playing around with John Holmes's amazing appendage, succeeded in turning the atmosphere really blue. My friend Julie started it all by unzipping her husband's jeans and brazenly sucking him off, right there on our new leather sofa, so my husband (never one to be upstaged) reproccated by sticking his head up my skirt and licking me. 10 minutes later we were all upstairs, mad keen to swap partners. All in all, it was an incredibly sexy evening, each of us getting off on our new partners.

It seemed only logical that we all go on holiday together, although none of us had ever been to a nudist colony.

At last, Julie and I got hysterical, playing tennis with the

# NEXT-MONTH-IN MEN ONLY



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**BUMPTIOUS BOTTOMS!**  
**BUT IS IT CART?**  
**MEN ONLY VOL 52 NO 3**  
**ON SALE**  
**MARCH 12th**

## BLAH!

continued from page 76

the kitchen table is hardly a proper substitute for an office desk, so some of the effect was lost.

So thanks to J. F. (may the sun forever shine on you), and how about you lot at MO-voicing the pub and putting her ideas into practice?

Yours pleadingly (I'm a right little pleader!)

Please withhold my name and address on request!

R W  
Dear Mr. Westinghouse, I hope you are well and that everything at No. 20 Third Road, Pantown, is going off right. I'm afraid all the editors and staff shaver are in the pub, it being 9.59 of a Wednesday, and there's only me - Alphonse, the cleaner - around. But it's no loss, 'cos if they was here they'd only say, 'yes, Awe, we'll do it.' And then forget all about it. Know what I mean?

can't even remember which one), and was just getting back in my car when this heavenly creature just walked up and asked for a lift to London. She was almost too good to be true - very young face, slightly misty eyes, unbelievably small waist and a head of blonde curls. It was her breasts, though, which nearly took my breath away. Huge, thrusting melons which jiggled almost obscenely against the front of her T-shirt.

I don't want to bore you with the journey to town, except to say that the conversation got sexier and sexier and I got harder and harder until by the time we booked in at a small, clean hotel, I was just about managing to hold back my previous week's accumulation of spunk. We both took a shower, me first, and then I lay back on the bed awaiting her, with my tool harder than I had ever known before.

When she stepped from the cubical and stood before me, I nearly came on the spot. Her tits really were unbelievable, great globes which wobbled slightly as she walked, each one capped with a swollen, pink nipple round the size of a strawberry. They sagged not one inch and when I caressed and squeezed



### Memories

Sir, Thank you for Volume 51, No 13, which pulled out all the stops to feature some really lovely girls.

Pride of place, though (in my eyes, at least), must go to a young lady contributor I refer to as Sally T, whose unfortunately faceless picture appeared on page 18 in the *Gorgeous Huggers* column.

A guy whom I work, and who also saw the photo, says that such tits can't be real 'balloons' that big could not be self-supporting. A view which I would have subscribed to three years ago, but since then have changed my conception of.

It happened one day when I was driving down to London for a long weekend (I lived in Crows at the time) and perhaps, if I was lucky, a bit of pussy. I stopped for a bite at one of the M1 services (I

them they hardly yielded to my fingers. I had never before handled such nips, firm breasts. Their size was further emphasized by her minuscule waist, which itself was even more emphasized by the general 'meaty' firmness of her hips, thighs and bottom. I reached out my arms and pulled her body against mine, cupped her bum cheeks in my hands - then shot my pants up load all the way up the front of her! Yes, really! Her body had that effect on me. We spent the whole night fucking and sucking.

Taking her doggy style, with a rigid fit in each hand, was an experience beyond description. That photo of Sally T really brought back memories.

J.F.  
Chesham, Big

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